Bloomfield Record.

DEVOTED TO LOCAL INTERESTS, GENERAL NEWS, AND THE DIFFUSION OF USEFUL AND ENTERTAINING KNOWLEDGE

Miscellany.

OLD AND BLIND.

Gallant gray-beard, can't you see-

You unconscionable bat, you --

That the girl is laughing at you?

You are well preserved and thrifty,

You were handsome in your day,

And your manners, one may say,

Don't be foolish, now you're old,

Flirting in this feeble fashion,

Trying on a hearth grown cold

To re-light a boyish passion.

You have had your day of youth,

Ay, I know her lips are red ;

Yes, she bears a dainty head,

But she knows you act a part,

Is as dead as Julius Cæsar;

Knows it, though a simple girl,

Knows it well, and, like a curl,

But if you must act a part,

larity, but it is of no use.

mythter. - Boston Post.

named after him until this year.

to advise a young man to "go West.

With its tender freaks and fancies ; You have known a woman's truth,

And have lived love's sweet romances.

True, her curls are black and glossy;

While you try to please and tease her-

And her eyes are bright and saucy.

Knows, Old Make-Believe, your heart

And is laughing while you linger-

If you counct drop your feigning

Winds you round her jeweled finger !

VARIETIES.

-J. O. H. in Scribner's for April.

Are superb, but-you are fifty!

While you play the devotee,

STEPHEN M. HULIN, Editor and Proprietor,

BLOOMFIELD, N. J., FRIDAY, APRIL 10, 1874.

Vol. II. No. 64

The Moomfield Record Local Newspaper.

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a supposed burglar, and was astonished to SAMUEL CARL, zer? whazzer doing?" MERCHANT TAILOR

A Topeka lady sums up the first three vears of her experience in married life, as Keeps, constantly on hand follows: "The first year he called me 'dear," CLOTHS, CASSIMERES, VESTINGS, READY MADE the second year, 'Mrs. A.,' and the third CLOTHING & GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS. year, 'old sorrel top.'

BLOOMFIELD, N.

GRAINING GILDING, &c., &c.

"Breakfast for ninety nine," said a waiter to a verdant clerk at a hotel not long ago. was the number of the room. BAKERY, CONFECTIONERY,

Passengers to the Pacific by rail break fast in the Sierras with twenty feet of snow around them; four hours later they find wheat four inches high, and the next day see pear and peach trees in blossom.

like advertising. He lost his pocket-book recently, advertised his loss in the local newspaper, and next morning went down into his own cellar and found it lying on the It is pleasant to see a young creature

come into a horse-car, seat herself for admiration, look happy for five minutes. and then wake up to the dismal consciousness that there is a rip in the middle finger of her right glove.

Springfield bas a clergyman who says things sometimes. He lately told an old lady, who made a great fuss because a young church member danced, that if she wanted on the same floor, besides the unfinished to go to heaven she would be obliged to use FLY-NEIS, her feet more and her tongue less.

The scientists of San Francisco were much excited lately over the appearence of a necular looking star which bobbed around in the firmament in a very eccentric manner. and help each day, she managed nicely, and it with eager, hungry eyes. Orders punctually attended to, at the shortest notice flying a kite with a red lantern attached.

rimanded one of the "big boys" several times for chewing tobacco, and still he persisted. Her patience at last being exhaust-

A small boy arose at a Sunday school long evening. concert and began quite glibly: "A certain man went down from Jerusalem to Jericho, and fell-and fell-" (here his memory bechoked him.'

tern, like that of the foolish virgins, was left without oil, wrote to the supply officer for "some more of that red oil," not knowing Furniture and Pianes MOVED WITH CARE, Also Gen-

> says that a graveyard near Bangor has a monument with the following inscriptions, the first verse of which was written by the wife before her death, and the second by the husband after he had married again :--

"Weep not for me, my dearest dear, I am not dead, but sleeping here; Repent my love, before you die, For you must come and sleep with I." "I will not weep, my dearest life, For I have got another wife : I cannot come and sleep with thee, For I must go and sleep with she,"

"How much better it would have been to have shaken hands and called it a mistake,' said a Detroit Judge. "Then the lion and the lamb would have lain down together, and white-robed peace would have fanned you with her wings and elevated you with her smiles of approbation. But no; you BLOOMFIELD. went to clawing and biting and rolling in Goods delivered throughout Bloomfield and the mud, and here you are. It's \$5

THE LIGHT IN THE WINDOW. ite among them, silent, brooding, sullen fel- looked at her anxiously. object; and there was in it an element of thing." chivalrous self-sacrffice of which he was utterly unconscious himself. He passed a "You know you don't let me work any the father coming home. his coarse coat, "little lamb, she'll be wait- doubt that God loves me."

new life, he plodded on again valiantly.

Black lace mitts are struggling for popucrippled child." Gen. Sheridan never had a cook stove hour-old baby to bring up as best he could, you. It is rather cool in a San Francisco paper they commiserated him, and wondered 'But if He didn't leave me," she persister? You won't come?" A Kentucky minister maintains that Job that the child would never be able to walk, cause he loved you," was a myth. He is mythtaken; he was a they thought his burden was heavier than The man's face darkened with a sudden, light before. She waited a moment and he could bear. But he knew-only he could sick terror. A missing man was lately advertised for not have told them or reasoned about itand described as having a Roman nose. He won't be found. Such a nose as that will An Indianapolis father shot six times at

hear the fellow ask, "Whazzer mazzer, faz- toddling down the path to meet him, ching- does He? That ain't love." ing to his hard hands with rosy little fingers

love all the more tender. enough, but it had been an ordinary, com- a pang too sharp to be borne. "Thunder!" said the clerk; "we can't do monplace regard, until she died and left "Has Dr. Peters been here to-day, Euit." The waiter explained that ninety-nine this tender, blue-eyed blossom, which he was nice ?" afraid to touch. The child consecrated the mother's memory, and he cared for her dead quietly, "Yes, father." more than he had ever cared for her living. A Down Easter believes there is nothing forevermore. He had her nursed carefully, keep you alive. Hasn't it kept you now, by which she could trundle herself about the kept you so long?"

meet him, and in winter her cheery lamp me to go home ?" burned always at the cottage window. When she was twelve years old, she hergarret overhead. From room to room of these three she could trundle herself around. She contrived to do a good many household tasks; and with a neighbor hired to come A school-mistress in Mahaska, Iowa, rep- er, and her father had insisted that she should not be left alone at all. So the neighbor who helped her stayed all day now, ed, she effected a cure by seizing him and but went home at night when Dan came; washing his mouth out with soap and wa- for he was not ready to give up the pleasure

of having his darling quite to himself in the grew quicker. All that was shuffling and gan to fail him), "and-and-fell by the uncertain passed out of his manner, and he roadside, and the thorns sprang up and walked with the strong, firm tread of one sure of his welcome. Drawing near, he saw Now here is a case of pure innocence. An her face at the window which the light il-Io wa railroad employee, whose signal lan- lumined-a face of most ideal beauty. Not the features so much, when you analyzed them; they were far from regular, and bore that the color of the lantern globe had some- a curious likeness to his own. But the great thing to do with the shade of light it threw blue eves were full of light, the color came and went on her cheeks in faint pink flushes Two Inscriptions.—The Northern Border and the skin was transparent as the most when you get on that threshold—as I never pick flowers with the dew upon them; let face disappeared from the window, and when he opened the door there she was in front of it, with her lips uplifted for his on ready to go, and it struck Dan that there was a look of pity on her face.

musn't take colk." en all his wet things off in his own room out and fell into gray ashes.

low they thought him-but he lived a life of "Ain't you going to keep father company At last she grew too weak to sit up any which they understood very little. It had a little, deary? You ain't never hearty, I more, and lay patiently on her little bed, been consecrated for fourteen years to one know, but I want to see you eat some- bearing without a moan her torturing pain,

She smiled faintly.

laughing, then the forge, with its door in- that are busy all day working for me." knew that the end was near. That week vitingly open, and the bright red light "Yes, lamb, for you," he repeated, as if her father did not go to his work. There streaming out of it cheerfully, into the mar- the words gave him pleasure. 'God knows was money enough for all she would ever ky gathering night. For a moment he was it's all for you, and he knows how thankful need in this, and more. So, motionless, tempted just to go in and warm himself a I am to have you to work for. Folks talk except when he could do something for her little in that glow; but he shook shaggy about my lot bein' hard, but that's all they comfort, he sat all day long by her pillow, head, and turned away. "She will be wait- know. I would change places with no man, and watched her, save when sometimes his ing," he said, as he drew up the collar of So long as He leaves me you, I'll never agony grew too mighty to be borne, and he

quivered a moment about her lips. On through the sleet and snow, till he "Take me up, father," she said half an the pitiless heavens. Eunice watched him, came at last in front of a low cottage, stand- hour after, as they sat before the bright fire too, in her turn, with loving, auxious, ing in the midst of a square lot. A light together. No mother's touch could have searching gaze, but she saw no hope in his streamed forth from its front window over been more tender than that rough man's as face. She knew that he was hardening his the white pathway. It had shone there for he lifted the little twisted form into his heart. There came a night, at length, when him every winter night-fall for many a year, arms and laid the sunny head carefully he was with her alone. A woman who had and he never saw that beacon ray without against his bosom. She rested there for a come to watch had fallen asleep in the other blessing his "little lamb" over and over while silently looking fondly up into his room. Dan would not wake her-he was and over again. How warm she had kept face, and now and then touching his cheeks greedy of every moment in which he could his heart! And yet among the hard things gently with her thin fingers. At last she have his girl all to himself. So he sat as in his life, people who took the trouble to said, with an air earnestly, yet slightly hes-usual, looking at her silently, and she as speak of him at all, always reckoned "that tating: "You do believe God loves you, silently gazed back into his face with her don't you, father ?"

When his wife died, and left him her 'Yes, lamb, yes; so long as he leaves me said

what he was to do. And when it was found ed, "wouldn't you believe that, too, was be-

"Look here," said he, in a voice of paswhat had been his sweet compensation. At sionate entreaty, "don't talk about that, I thought you'd see how God meant to draw

first, to be sure, it was a hard blow when he don't ! It couldn't be love, noway, that you to him by taking me first. And I found that the little one he loved was never wouldn't leave you. You're all I've got, thought I could die easy, feelin' sure of to be quite like others-that she would come | child-all. God don't want to take all away, The girl stretched her hand up and drew

-but this very grief about her made his it around his neck, and haid her face on his shoulder to hide the tears she could not keep She was the one idea of his life. The on- back. But she made no answer. After Iy absorbing feeling he had ever known was awhile he asked a sudden question, breathfor her. He had liked her mother well lessly, as if a suspicion had pierced him with

She trembled a little but the answered

"And he says you're goin' does he, the But it was little Eunice who filled his heart way your mother went? Child, don't you full, and sat on her throne queen regent believe him! You shan't go. My love will and he cheerfully gave up every hour of his fourteen years? Why, the doctor said you life to the task of being father and mother | wouldn't live the first time he laid you on to her, both in one. When she was old my arms! But you have lived and here you enough to sit in a little wheeled chair in are, and here I'll hold you. Hasn't my love

room, his delight knew no bounds. In sum- "Your love and God's love, father-But mer she was always at the open door to what if he thinks, now, that's it's time for

And then they sat on silently, for a long, still hour, and the wood fire burned brightself proposed to keep house for him. There ly, and now and then a brand dropped on

late, however, she had been growing weak- "when you are not in it-when there's no fair countrywomen would catch a hint from body waitin' at the door and no light burn- it that would throw color into their cheeks in' in the winder."

turn into store or tavern?"

father, after Dr. Peters went away, to-day; a kiss !") and that full development of figand I wondered if it wasn't God's love that ure, which all the poets, from Homer down, wait for you there, father : and I won't be horsewomen ; or bating that, let them make delicate crystal. Around this wistful, lov- could here-strong and free, father, strong them study music of nature's own orchestra. ing, waiting face floated a mass of golden and free. Won't it make it easy for you to Vulgarity is not essential to health, and a hair, like the halos you see sometimes in old come on in spite of storms, and not turn lithe, classic figure does not grow in hotpictures around the brows of saints. When aside by the way, when you know I'm wait- houses. For ourselves, we incline heartily she saw him the blue eyes kindled, then the in' there, just as sure as ever I waited to the belief, that if American women have

her hand against his aching heart, in a way men, they will find an easier road toward kiss. The neighbor stood by, her things that almost burt her, as if to ease his pain that gain, in a little vigorous out-of-door -held her till bed time came, and then car- exercise, and a uniform attention to the ried her to her room, and left there with a great essentials of health, than in any new-"You'd better not get too near the child long, sad, silent kiss. Once alone, the pas- fangled costumes or loudly-applanded with those wet things on," she said kindly. sion of his agony clutched him in its grasp; "rights." "She's but a weak little thing, and she but he suffered no sound to escape him which should reach her ears. Rigid as stone he sat He started back remorsefully, and did before the fire, and never heeded when the not go up to the girl again until he had tak- room grew cold, and the last brand burned

and made himself dry and tidy. By this After that night, he never returned again He plodded on through sleet an I snow, time the neighbor was goue, and he and to the subject. He saw that she failed every with steps awkward and shuffling, yet with Eunice sat down together to the supper day, but he could not talk about it, and a certain resolution in it. Other men might which waited. He had the keen hungry she understood him to well to urged him. have turned aside, unwilling to breast the appetite of a workingman, but it did not Every day he went to his work; now was full force of such a storm. Not so with keep him from noticing presently that the not the time to fail, when she needed un-Daniel Newton-"Shuffling Dan," his fel- food on his child's plate remained untouch- wanted luxuries, and might need them no low workmen called him. He was no favor- ed. He laid down his knife and fork, and one knew how long. Every night he came to her ; his face pullid with apprehensions. and never forgetting at night to have a lamp put into the window-the beaconlight for

store, where some of his comrades were more, father and I can't get hungry like you | Just at the last, there was a time when all had to rush away from her, out under the in'." And then as if the thought had given The girl sighed and a look of pain desolate sky, where the winds were blowing. and shrick out the madness of his woe to great, far-seeing blue eyes. At last she

"Then I must not wait for you there, fath-

He looked at her with startled gaze. He had never thought of the matter in that

then went on. "I thought you'd want to come, father; your comin', and then wait for you there a little while. But you won't see God's love;

and you won't feel that I'm waitin'." Something touched his beart at last-her look, perhaps, or her words, or her tone of piteous pleading, or all these combined. He sank sobbing on his knees beside her.

"God pity me!" he gasped; "God forgive me. Wait for me there, lamb-I'll come, surely. I'll walk in His way."

Does not my story fitly end here, where Eunice's work ended? Her life went out after that, painlessly and quietly. Her hand was in her father's to the very last, and he murmured, in answer to the appeal in her dying eyes, "I'll come, lamb, sure-

He buried his girl beside her mother; but to him she is not dead. He believes, simply, literal soul, that God's love has given him one of the many mausions, and that she waits for him there at its window, her face illumined by a light that will never grow dim or fade away.

Out of door Exercise.

Our eyes have just now fallen upon a pas-

sage in Mr. Greeley's last letter from Euwere three rooms in their little cottage, all the hearth, and that and the storm outside rope, in which he speaks of the appearance were the only sounds which broke the still- of the English women, and commends, with ness, save when, once or twice, a great a little more than his usual ardor and exgasping sob tore up from Shuffling Dan's pression, their perfection of figure. He atdeep chest. At last he bent over, and turn- tributes this, and very justly, to the English ed his girl's face toward him, and looked in ladles' habit of out-of-door exercise. We had thought that this fact was well known; The mystery is solved now. It was a boy was the proudest of little house-wives. Of "It'll be a sorry world, lamb," he said, that it was known years ago, and that our and fullness into their forms. And yet, sad-She looked up, her blue eyes full of ly enough, our ladies still coop themselves in their heated rooms, until their faces are "Father," she said, gently, don't you like lilies, and their figures-like lily-stems. know you've told me, sometime, how the We have alluded to the matter now, not for thought that I was waitin' made it easy for the sake of pointing a satire surely, but for Now, as he entered the yard, his steps you to get home, when the storms drove ev- the sake of asking those one or two huner so hard, and kept you from wantin' to dred thousand ladies, who every month light our path with their looks, if they do "Yes, lamb, but what'll keep me on my indeed prize a little unnatural pearliness of way when you're gone?" he asked, bitterly. hue and delicacy of complexion, beyond that "I thought of the times you'd said that ruddy flush of health ("the very tempter of was going to take me to the heavenly home, have made one of the chiefest beauties of a so as to make it easier for you to come. I'll woman? If not, let them make themselves lamb any more, and I'll come to meet you acquaintance with the sunrise; let them a wish to add to the respect, the admiration, But the father said nothing. He only held the love, and (if need be) the fear of the

> A Richmond paper acknowledges the superabundance of handsome young ladies there, and thinks they hate good-looking Yankees just enough to marry them for revenge, if they ever have an opportunity.

